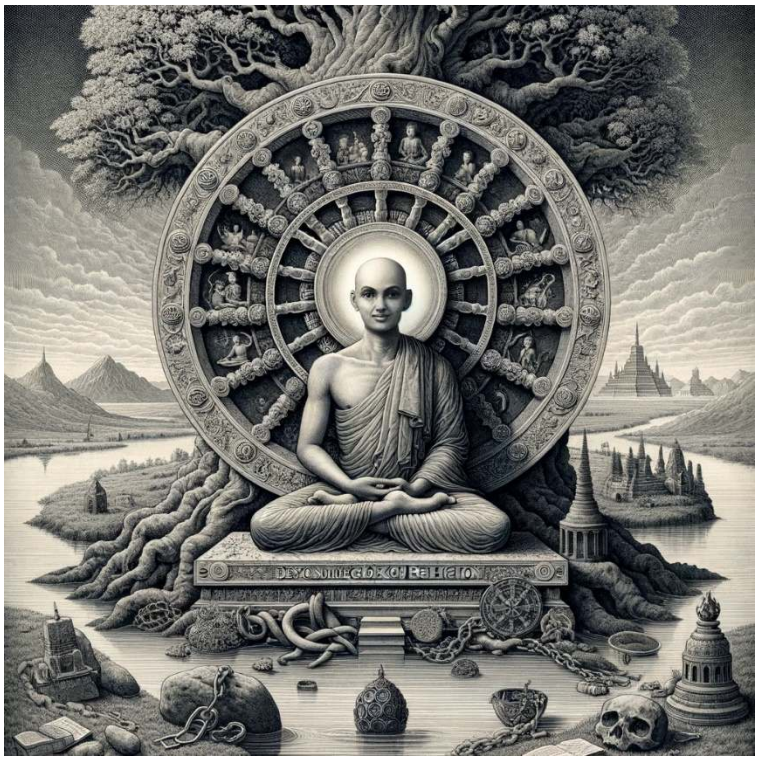
Beyond Religion

Dipabhasadhamma



No priestly robes, no sacred creed,
No call to bow, no place to plead.
The Buddha spoke of paths to tread,
Not heavens high or fires to dread.

No maker's will, no sinner's fall,
No vengeful god to heed the call.
His truths are quiet, bare, and clear,
A mirror held to what is near.

Not faith, but steps, each measured pace,
To free the mind, to end the chase.
Not prayers, but actions, calm and still,
The taming of the restless will.

Where others preach, “Believe, obey,”
He turned instead to the everyday.
To what is seen, to what is felt,
To breaking chains the self has dealt.

But when men look to gods on high,
And make of faith a sacred lie,
The Buddha warned, their hearts grow blind,
To love, to truth, to humankind.

For when belief becomes the sword,
When gods are claimed as judge and lord,
Dishonesty, deceit arise,
And ruthless men will seek their prize.
"Those who worship gods," he said,
"May walk a path of fear and dread.

But deeds, not pleas, will light the way,
To freedom's dawn, to wisdom's day."
He claimed no throne, no cosmic sway,
Just wisdom carved from night and day.

The seeds of peace, the root of pain,
The endless wheel we spin again.
For what he taught is not divine,
But truths of water, earth, and time.

No dogma binds, no rituals keep,
Just freedom found in waking deep.
Oh, seeker, see the path he laid,
No gods to worship, debts to be paid.

His words are tools, his goal is plain,
To free the heart from its own chain.

Beyond the temples, past the veil,
No myths to conjure, no tales to hail.
Just this: the mind, the fleeting breath,
The ending of the fear of death.

So let the echoes fall away,
Of what is preached, of what they say.
The Dhamma lives, untamed, unbound,
In every step, the sacred ground.